



The scream heard 'round the world



death

dystopia

horror

197 17 17

Chapter 1 by Adisoccer1223

Her face was caked in a thick layer of blood, muddying a once beautiful face.

Her mouth is contorted in a silent scream, the terror of which had once shaken the Earth.

And, her eyes. Milky white, with pale blue specks, are the sole remnants of her apocalyptic end.

Chapter 2 by coolbloxxie



Something more than a mere gun killed this woman.

Something big.

Something.... strong.

Scorch marks are directly opposite the corpse on a suitcase near her.

An explosion?

You hear people coming.

Chapter 3 by Alice Marie Bride



Her eyes were not some that one could forget- they held an eternal fear, even in the afterlife.

Steps are getting louder and louder, echoing up the stairs. There was a light scent of smoke and cinnamon that tinged the stale air in this room.

A small wave of heat stirred the curtains on the opposing wall, where the bottoms were singed.

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Chapter 4 by

Giant steps come closer yet your body refuses to move. The woman's final vision of death is creeping your thoughts.

'ah!' Post Mortem spasm kicked in and the woman's arm rested on your lap. Seems like she was suddenly brought to life just to warn you of a cruel fate. To let out a scream means giving away your presence to whoever is coming.

That thing is big. Footsteps are heavy... The vile odor of iron coming from her blood and the rusty metal are slowly suffocating you. You have to run.

Chapter 5 by 311i3



Your heart pounds against your chest and the sound echos in your ears. You lift up your legs and start to run. Keep running, keep running. Too soon, your legs begin to tire. You gotta catch your breath. You want to fall to the ground and sleep, your eyelids drooping, your knees buckling.

'No!' your brain screams. Run, run, run... Loud footsteps come from behind. Clangs and sounds of metal. Low growling. Come on... Stand...

It's too late. He's got you.

Chapter 6 by Miranda Sanborn



It was the same monster that killed the women leaving blood running out of her mouth and running down her lips. The beast bent down and licked it off as you slowly backed away. Frighted speechless and hopeless. Tripping over something behind you fall to the ground. That was the last straw of hope. Your going to die.

Chapter 7 by Crusty Plums



The creature was huge. Some kind of half man half machine monstrosity. A thing of nightmares. Bulging flesh hung from its deformed frame, with a framework of steel wrapped around it like badly constructed armor. It's head is vaguely human but with sagging, bloated puss ridden skin, gleaming with filthy ooze. It's mouth hangs open, drooling and displaying rows of jagged fangs,

not unlike that of a shark.

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It turns to look at you while still looking at the ground. Its eyes red and piercing regard you with a yearning.

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Again you try to get up and run, but your breath is coming in small gasping bursts, as you falter under the creatures stare.

With lightening speed it spun it's attention back to it's prior victim that it still grasped in its huge clawed hands, in one fluid motion it's gaping maw opened impossibly wide and tore into dead woman's head. Nothing above the nose remained as the creature crunched on its gruesome feast.

You let loose a scream that would wake the dead, powered by the horror that is before your eyes.

As your scream subsides, the creature looks up and sniffs the air and emits a small howl of delight as a man enters the room.

The man small and balding, dressed in a fine dinner suit walks into the room. Surveying the carnage he gives a clap of delight and says "I see you have met my creation, delightful fellow isn't he"

He smiles as he casts his eye over at the battered suitcase.

"Be a good chap and pick that up for me. We will need that if we are to complete what must be done this night"

You still haven't moved an inch

"Come on, chop chop, the clock is ticking and we must be off" he said.

As he turned and started for the door with his monstrous sidekick shambling along at his side.

Chapter 8 by HorrorGirl



You sit up dripping in sweat, your blanket is soaking wet. What happened the monster the man in the suit....the girl. You cringe at the thought of the creature devouring the women's remains. Just a Dream, sighing from relief you lay back down. You here a blood curling scream, one that shook the earth and you here a knock on your bedroom door.

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